

## SAYS WIFE USED A MOP ON HIM.

"She Soaked Him Good, Too," Testifies Maid at Trial of Suit for Divorce Brought by Little Dr. Broder.

### HIT HIM WITH FOLDING BED.

Beautiful Wife Flashes Scornful Glances at Witness as Latter Tells of the Troublesome Times in Physician's Household.

The story of the domestic woes of Dr. Julius Broder and his athletic and beautiful young wife, Bertha, was continued today before Justice MacLean in the Supreme Court.

The doctor, five-foot-one and with hair on end, sat between his lawyer, Albert T. Sire, and Meyer Greenberg, at one end of the long table, industriously taking notes, and Mrs. Broder, six inches taller, several pounds heavier and regal in her contempt for him and his witnesses, sat beside Max Stever at the other end of the table.

The little doctor sued for a separation, charging that his statuesque wife abused him shamefully and that she and her relatives left him a dog's life.

#### Look the Mop to Him.

Fanny Knobloch, who was maid to the Broders, testified: "What did she do to him? She took the mop to him. I saw her soak him lots of times. She hit him with a plate, threw a pot of hot coffee at him and would burst into his operating room when he had a patient on the table and demand money from him."

"He would always turn out his pockets, giving her all he had. When she burst in the door that way it frightened the doctor's patients, and one patient, a woman, fell off the table in a dead faint, and the doctor was an hour bringing her out of it."

The beauty in black velvet, tailor made, curled her lip in scorn and her big brown eyes flashed during the story of the maid.

Mrs. Broder "came back" at her husband with a countenance in which she asked for an absolute divorce, and when some of the doctor's female patients testified it was made plain by Mr. Stever's questions that the doctor's wife believed she had reason to be jealous of them.

#### What a Patient Saw.

Mrs. Kate Kaplan told how she visited the doctor on May 15 last and found him in a scurrying with his wife, who "hit him up against the wall," and four of her male relatives, one of whom "hit him with a folding bed."

When the doctor sat down to the telephone to summon the police, Mrs. Kaplan said, Mrs. Broder "hit him in the telephone and there was blood all over him."

When the men were about to resume the attack Mrs. Broder put up her hand and commanded them:

"Stop! He has had enough."

The doctor took the stand in his own behalf. He kept his face steadfastly away from his wife as he testified in answer to Mr. Sire's questions.

"He said he was born in Russia twenty-nine years ago and was admitted to practice in 1885, having attended the beautiful Bertha Spain the year before. They have one child, two years old."

#### Opened Office on 1000.

"I was promised the support of my wife's parents if I married her, until I had acquired a certain amount of money. As I was married they refused to support me, and I went to the Beth Israel Hospital, where I was on the medical staff nine months. I had saved \$100 and I wanted an office. But my wife would not come to live with me, and after a while I was obliged to close my office."

"I then got a place on Hart's Island in the insane asylum at \$5 a month for two years. While there I had an office. First street and came down twice a week and tried to establish a practice. After ten months I resigned and opened an office in Henry street."

"My wife and her father and mother came there and jumped on me and nearly murdered me then and there, because I asked her to live with me there. Then I got rooms in Broome street, and my wife came to live with me there. At the end of only long enough to ask that her bedroom was dark. Then I left me again."

#### Took the Piano Away.

"In my next place she lived with me, at she made me get expensive furniture and a piano on the installment plan, for two months she paid for it, and then she took the piano away because I could not keep up the payments, and I did not take a furnished room again."

"It was always so. She demanded extravagant things, wanted to go to theatres and balls and wanted to be the best-dressed woman in the ballroom," said the little doctor helplessly.

"Well, well, well, she was the cause of this action," the cruelty, interposed Justice MacLean.

"Well," said the little doctor, "she had bought a drug store and she said if I would move into fine quarters she would help me pay the expenses. But she never did. When I asked her for help she would throw pots and pans and chairs at me. She demanded a \$150 dress. I didn't have 150 cents, and when I told her she grabbed a plate of hot soup and threw it all over me."

#### Threw Coffee on Him.

"Once she threw a cup of coffee over me just to detain me when I would go to the door to admit a patient. She often struck me with her hands and her fists."

Once, Dr. Broder said, he had to call the police to protect him from his wife. "Three days before this," he said, "she attacked me on the Bowery, and assaulted a female nurse I was escorting to a child patient and used a stick upon her."

On cross-examination Dr. Broder was confronted with a bundle of letters full of denigrating phrases written to his wife during and after the scurrilous in which she had "done him up." Asked why he wrote these love letters to the wife who abused him the little doctor declared ardently:

"Because I loved her! Because I wanted her to live with me and want her now."

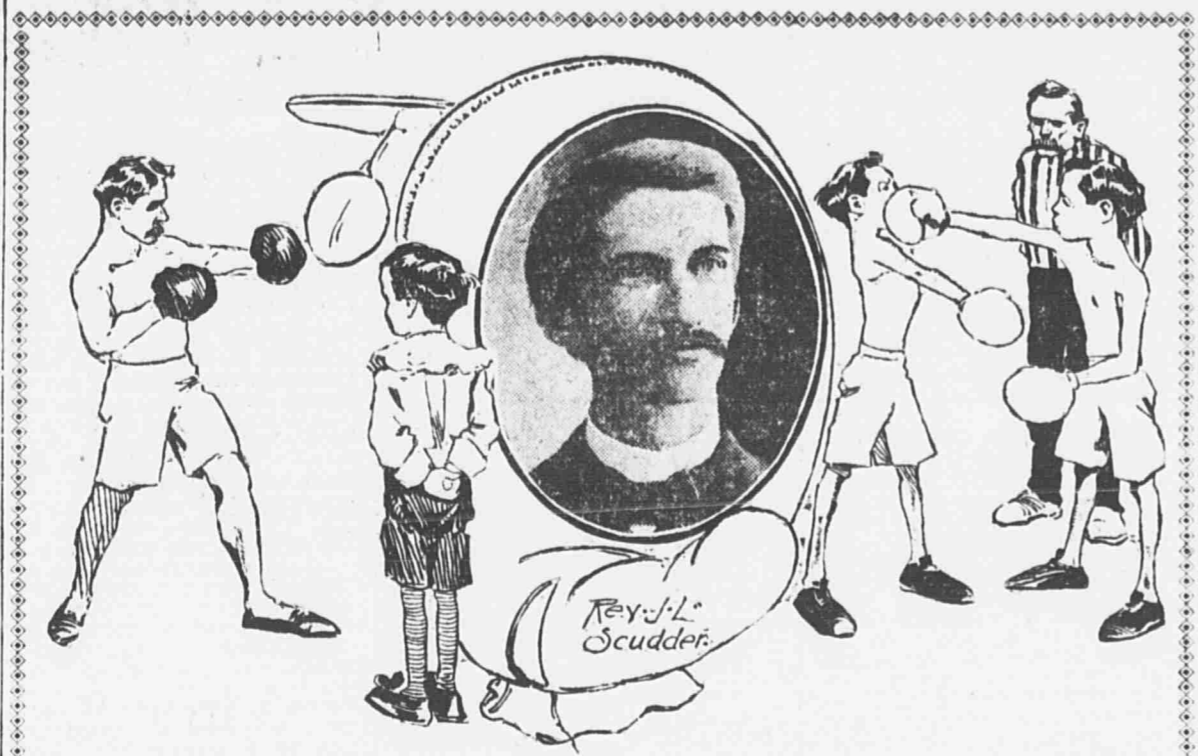
#### MILLIONAIRE USES TROWEL.

Henry O. Havemeyer Lays Corner-Stone of Country School.

STAMFORD, Conn., Nov. 12.—Henry O. Havemeyer today laid the corner-stone of the new district school-house at Sound Beach, toward the cost of which he contributed \$10,000, besides giving the site.

The school-house is within a mile of Mr. Havemeyer's Greenwich residence, and will cost \$20,000.

## REV. J. S. SCUDDER, MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN, TEACHES BOYS OF HIS CHURCH HOW TO BOX



## TEACHES BOXING IN HIS CHURCH.

Rev. John L. Scudder, Yale Athlete of Thirty Years Ago, Introduces Muscular Christianity Into His Congregation.

### REFEREES BOUTS BY BOYS.

By Rev. John L. Scudder. Muscular Christianity, that's what I call it, and it's the only real Christianity.

I teach Christianity for to-day and not alone for the future.

If I can hit a boy on his nose and keep him from hitting me that boy knows I am his superior and he believes in me.

Boys who are not physical cowards are not moral cowards, either.

By John L. Sullivan. If there was more ministers like him there'd be more real men.

A man that ain't afraid to fight, ain't afraid to stick up for what's right.

If I had the coin I'd build that preachin' gymnasium and help him teach the kids, too.

Teach 'em more than how to win a scrap—teach 'em how to take a lickin'.

Muscular Christianity has had its introduction at the First Congregational Church, of Jersey City, and the Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the church, is the exponent of the idea. One hundred boys received the first lessons in boxing, and many of them put on the gloves and boxed a few minutes with the athletic clergyman.

Every Tuesday night hereafter the young men of the church will meet to receive instruction in the art of self-defense, and if the first meeting is any indication, then the idea is going to be a great success. Parents of the boys were on hand to see the minister don the gloves, and all were highly in favor of the plan.

A large room in the church has been fixed up as a temporary gymnasium, and there the first boxing lessons were given. Tapering, jabs, jolts, counters, swings, slides, and all the other points of the game, were explained by Mr. Scudder to the great delight of the boys, and all were eager to have a chance at the minister with the gloves.

"Boys," he said, "I suppose you are all going to join our boxing class?"

"Sure!" they shouted in chorus.

"Let it start right now!" said William McDermott, one of the bright little fellows. "I am ready to put on the mitts with any one."

Volunteers a-plenty.

Pastor Scudder approved the suggestion.

"Who's ready to have a go with Willie?" asked the pastor. A dozen boys were on their feet in a minute.

Butler J. Scudder, a boy of young McDermott's size and weight, was selected from among the volunteers. Pastor Scudder provided the gloves. He saw that they were placed properly on the hands of the boys, and then announced that he would "referee the bout."

"Let it be understood," he said, addressing the boys, "that slugging will not be allowed, neither will hugging and fighting in clinches be permitted. Now, boys, get together."

The little fellows sparred for a minute and then went at each other in true pugilistic style. Several minutes Pastor Scudder was obliged to separate them.

At the end of two rounds the boys had had enough and Pastor Scudder removed the gloves.

No Blood Was Shed.

The gloves were large soft ones, the largest and best padded that Mr. Scudder could find, and consequently no blood was drawn, but there will be a dozen or more young men to-day who will feel stiff and sore, while the minister is in shape to take on as many more every evening after supper.

"I believe in muscular Christianity," said Mr. Scudder, after a specially hard go with one of the larger boys. "It is the real Christianity and it is for to-day and not alone for the future. My boys all believe in me. When I hit them on the nose and get away before they can hit me back they say the preacher must know something. I guess he's able to teach me all right."

"Our gymnasium is only a temporary affair, but we hope to build a real one across the street. All we want now is a Carnegie to build it for us, and maybe we can do it without him."

## "LITTLE MOTHER" AND CHARGES PART

Tearful Good-Bys of Twelve-Year-Old Lizzie Donoghue to Wee Brothers and Sister.



Lizzie Donoghue.

(Special to The Evening World.)

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 12.—"Little Mother" Lizzie Donoghue, twelve years old, but looking like a wee old woman, had a tearful parting with her five brothers and sisters whom she had tried so hard to keep together after her mother died.

Lizzie is a little rock of sense, and when told that she must bid good-bye to her charges argued that if given a chance she could keep the family together.

Finally she bowed to the inevitable and kissed the little fellows, telling them they must not forget her and promising to bring them together again.

Her parting with little Michael, eighteen months old, was especially pathetic, she fondling the toddler, talking to him in endearing terms, while the baby boy cried and clung to her.

The five wee brothers were taken to St. Michael's Orphan Asylum, and Lizzie, with her sister, are still in the care of the State Board of Children's Guardians. They will be bound out to families who must promise to raise and educate them properly.

Several persons, moved by the "little mother's" devotion and pluck, have applied for possession of her, but the authorities are going to make sure that she will be placed where her natural abilities will be cultivated, so that she may be given the chance in life which she deserves.

On Nov. 2 Mrs. Donoghue, the mother of the children, died after a short illness, and her father, Joseph, was buried in the same grave as the precocious little Lizzie assumed charge of the household.

What little food there was in the house was soon consumed, but the "little mother" struggled on for some days until forced to tell her story to a policeman.

Overseer of the Poor Robert Vandenberg, of this city, had the little ones taken to the Almshouse, and in the care of the State Board of Children's Guardians.

The children are Lizzie, twelve years old; Willie, eleven; Joseph, eight; John, five; Maggie, four; Frank, three; and Michael, eighteen months.

EUCHRE FOR THE IRISH.

Union Hill Germans Famous for Pinocchio Must Share Glory.

The Blackthorn Euchre Club is the latest addition to the long list of organizations in Union Hill. The club is composed entirely of the sons of Erin, who were jealous of the renown attained by the famous Pinocchio Club of All Nations.

The President is John Lehman, and the gavel he uses is a genuine blackthorn. President Lehman had this to say of the new club: "We cannot let the Germans have all the glory of this town. The Germans boss the Council. The Irish are at the head of the parade. Let them come to Union Hill and meet us any time they want to."

## ELOPING HUSBAND NOW IN BELLEVUE.

Man Who Ran Away in Hospital as Result, It Is Said, of Drug Habit.

Harold C. Heverin, whose clandestine marriage to Miss Lillian Voorhees, of Morristown, N. J., furnished a sensation a decade ago, is in Bellevue Hospital in the alcoholic ward. He is said to be suffering from morphine and cocaine poisoning.

Heverin is thirty-five and the son of James H. Heverin, of Philadelphia. His brother, Charles Heverin is one of the proprietors of the Hotel Normandie, at Thirty-eighth street and Broadway. It was from that place that Dr. J. T. Walsh, the hotel physician, walked Heverin to the hospital. He gave no explanation of Heverin's condition.

Heverin was a student in the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in Chelsea Square when he became engaged to Miss Lillian Voorhees, of Morristown in 1891. Their engagement was approved by their parents. They ran away one day on a visit to friends in Haverstraw, N. Y., and while there were married, on the impulse of the moment, by a Justice of the Peace.

The girl's father, when told of the wedding, raised a storm of disapproval. Heverin's father, supporting his son, wrote to the other father and demanded to know what the objection to his son was.

The correspondence grew hot, and one result was that the girl announced to her friends that she did not consider herself married to Heverin, but that if he were of the same mind a year later, there would be a marriage with the approval of her parents.

Soon after the prisoners were booked at the station house, George Considine appeared and offered to bail Tobin. Desk Sergeant Stevens did not recognize Considine and refused to accept him as surety. He told him to come again.

A few minutes later two men, who said they were Peter F. Daley and John Kelly, appeared and wanted to give bail for Tobin. These two men talked to the sergeant a few moments, and then introduced a third man, who had entered with them, as "Harry Clifford."

Mr. Clifford said he was a broker, with offices at No. 10 Wall street, and declared he was worth \$700,000.

"Very sorry," said the sergeant, "but unless you have the deeds with you or certificate stating you are worth that money we cannot accept you."

When he returns he will at once go to work to prepare for the municipal campaign of next year, when he expects to put the Fusion administration out of office as decisively as he swept the Greater City for Coler Nov. 4.

A BULL DOG Is Easier to Shake Off than the Coffee Drip.

A lady of St. Paul, Minn., never drank anything but Gold Dust until she was married, and then commenced to drink coffee.

Says she: "About one year after our marriage my husband began to complain of distress in his stomach, and I had such dizzy spells after each meal that we had to see a doctor. We drank coffee three times a day, but did not imagine that coffee was causing all this distress. The doctor said both our livers were out of order, gave us some medicine, and told us that we ought to break off drinking coffee. We stopped it for a while, but my husband's stomach was ruined. He thought he had cancer of the stomach, or something worse, but we had formed the habit of coffee drinking, and like drunkards found it no easy matter to break off, although we knew it was killing both of us."

"We kept a grocery store at the time, and a lady called one day and asked for Postum Food Coffee, saying: 'My children like it, will not drink anything else, and I know it is good for them because they never have trouble with their stomachs.' This interested me, and I told her about my bad stomach. She told me how to make Postum, and we began to use ourselves."

"After drinking it three times a day for a week I felt much better, and my husband declared that he felt like a new man. We have drank Postum for four years and have never had one particle of stomach trouble since, and I have lost that sallow, yellow color I so much disliked, and the whites of my eyes are as clear as ever again. I know it is because we left off drinking coffee and drank Postum. I can eat anything and everything, and never know of having a stomach. My husband used to say I would ruin our coffee trade because I told all my friends what Postum had done for us." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Box-cloth leggings, \$6.

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RAID PRISONERS APPEAR IN COURT

Men Arrive in Automobiles and Hansoms at Jefferson Market Court and Drive Off with Discharged Prisoners.

SPENT NIGHT IN CELLS.

Police Refuse to Accept Bail, Although George Considine and Broker Clifford Offer to Go on the Bond of D. T. Tobin.

Justice Wyatt, sitting as a Magistrate in the Court of Special Sessions to-day, heard the pleas of Daniel J. Tobin, Matthew J. Shea and Paul Salvin, proprietors respectively of "Toby's Rathskeller," the Catro and the Savoy. Tenderloin resorts raided last night. Inspector Brooks and Capt. Walsh accused the men of maintaining disorderly houses. They were held in \$1000 bail each for further examination, and all furnished bonds.

The forty-five women arrested last night in the Tenderloin raids were arraigned before Magistrate Barlow in the Jefferson Market Court this morning. Seventeen were fined and the remainder discharged.

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The street outside the court was crowded with automobiles and hansoms, in which many of the women were driven away by their "gentlemen friends."

Daniel J. Tobin, alleged proprietor of the resort known as "Toby's" at Broadway and Thirty-first street, along with a number of prisoners captured by the police in the raid, had been locked up in the Tenderloin station-house awaiting bail. Several attempts to secure his release proved abortive owing to the determination of the police and Assistant District-Attorney Lord not to accept bail for any of the prisoners.

Inspector Brooks with Capt. Walsh and a score or more of detectives had visited the Catro and the Savoy, two resorts in Twenty-ninth street, and had later gone to "Toby's."

Among the women in the Savoy was a tall, handsome blonde, who gave her name as Florence Hartman. Her appearance attracted the police, who questioned her. She said that it was her first visit to a resort of that kind and that she had gone there out of mere curiosity. According to her statement she is a model and lives with her parents at No. 53 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. Her plea to be released to save her from disgrace was not granted.

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HOME TRAGEDY IN HIS POCKET.

Alleged Embezzler Singer's Sick Wife Begged in Vain for \$1 While He Was Squandering Thousands on Others.

LETTER TOLD THE TALE.

He Spent Others' Funds. It Is Charged, and Nearly Tried Suicide at the Bartholdi Hotel When the Alleged Expose Was Due.

While Major J. Sherbourne Singer, accused of embezzlement, now under arrest in the Essex Market jail, was as charged, lavishing his money on two women whose support he is said to have maintained, he found it impossible to send one dollar to his wife, who was ill in her home at Morristown, Pa.

This is a point that even his most intimate friends would be compelled to doubt were it not for the fact that the details of his wife's request for \$1 were found in a letter taken from Major Singer's pocket when he was taken into custody.

Fortunately, say some persons, Magistrate Brann, the upgratamatic Judge of the local police court bench, did not know of this inhumanity on the part of Major Singer when the court held the embezzler for the theft of \$2,500.

The plight of Mrs. Singer is particularly sad owing to the fact that she had been reared to every comfort of a refined and generous home. She is the daughter of the late George N. Corson, who, during his lifetime, was a leading member of the Montgomery County bar.

For some time she lived with her husband in the old Corson mansion in Morristown, Pa., and then the family moved into a pretty house in Airy street. During these early years of his marriage the Major is said to have been an exemplary husband and indulgent father, and his friends are now at a loss to account for his downfall.

While Major Singer was connected with the Fourth National Bank of Philadelphia, in the capacity of paying teller, his employers decided to open a branch office in Cuba, and Singer was sent to that country to establish the new business. In this way he became interested in prominent New York officials of banking institutions, and later he brought his wife and child to live with him. He accepted a position with the Alliance Trust Company.

Mrs. Singer and her son encountered some stormy days in their residence and the wife did not long remain. She took little Hawley back to her Morristown home, while the husband allowed himself to come directly under the influence of two women whose capacity for money spending was greater than Singer's capacity for caring it. Then came the period of his dissipation. Besides being one of the very best tonics, it is a good substantial carter remedy."—Phil. H. Thompson.

Clean Mucous Membranes. Any one who has taken Peruna has clean mucous membranes.

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